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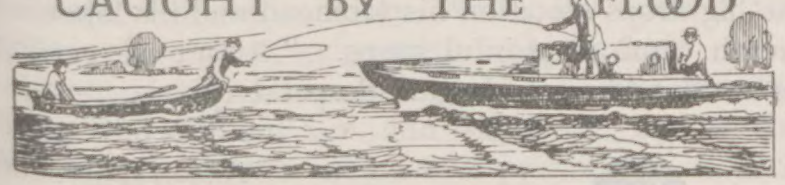


By Alice Sophia Jackson

"SORRY I have to go off to-day, Walter," said Colonel Bowen at breakfast to his nephew, who had come the night before on a visit. "My little girl will look after you; won't you, Alison?"

"I'll try to," said Alison, somewhat doubtfully.

"Oh, that's all right, Uncle Jim, thank you," replied Walter hurriedly; "I'm sure to find heaps to do." A fellow who was in the Sixth hardly expected to be entertained by a girl of fourteen. Of course Alison was quite a nice kid, but still——

"Would you like a game of tennis?" suggested his cousin diffidently, after they had watched Colonel Bowen's motor disappear down the drive.

"Yes, if you like," said Walter, rather unwillingly. He had been looking forward to a day's shooting with his uncle, and tennis with a slip of a girl seemed rather tame by contrast. "Shall I give you fifteen?" he asked in a condescending tone when they were ready to play.

"If you like," she answered quietly; and they began on that footing, Walter playing a careless, easy game. But he soon found out, to his great surprise, that with that handicap he must use all his skill if he wished to avoid a beating. Truth to tell he was not in very good practice, and the small person opposite to him was evidently at the top of her form. It was like playing against a bit of quicksilver, he grumbled to himself, she was so swift and agile; and though she could not return his most smashing volleys, she was very steady, and excellent at placing.

One of Walter's weak points was his inability to play a losing game; so now, as he lost point after point, his play grew ever wilder and more erratic, till his service became one series of faults and Alison came off the winner by two sets to nothing. It was certainly mortifying, but he was too much of a sportsman to show his vexation, and after a lingering visit to the strawberry beds, a novel, a comfortable chair in the shade, and an excellent lunch, he felt quite at peace with the world again, and told Alison he would take her for a row on the river.

The girl agreed gladly, for she had a great admiration for her big cousin, and hated seeing him at a disadvantage. Before they reached the boathouse, however, they met the head keeper, who remarked,—

"There's been rain up the hills, Miss Alison. I shouldn't wonder if we get a flood here before long. Better not go boating to-day."

"But the river's as low as can be," expostulated Walter. "We aren't going to be out long; there can't possibly be any danger."

"Ah, you don't know this river, sir," replied the man. "Anyhow, be sure and don't go too near the weir; that's where it runs swiftest."

"All right, I'll be careful," said Walter. "Come along, Alison," he added, seeing that his cousin hesitated, and seemed inclined to turn back. "Surely you can trust me to look after you."

So they went on and got the boat out—a very light pair-oar skiff. Walter was a good oarsman, and, being anxious to show his young cousin his skill in this branch of sport, he pulled strongly and well downstream, the light boat flying through the water at a fine pace.

At first Alison, who was steering, seemed quite happy and chatted away merrily; but presently she began to look anxious, and at last said, rather timidly,—

"Hadn't we better turn back now, Walter? We are getting rather near the weir, and I think the flood *is* coming. Look at the colour of the water."

Walter looked and saw it was getting very turbid and yellow; also he noticed that while he was resting on his oars the boat was still travelling quite fast. Yes, it was certainly time to turn; he had forgotten all about the weir. So he began hurriedly to pull the boat round. How it happened he never knew, but he caught a tremendous crab, and in so doing lost one of the oars.

He also lost his presence of mind, and at once plunged overboard and began swimming after it; but the oar floated away fast, very fast, and seemed to elude his grasp each time he reached out after it. At last he clutched it successfully and, holding it in front of him, began to steer a course for the boat. To his horror he saw that it had drifted away much faster than the oar and must now be nearing the weir.

Alison was standing up, trying to paddle with the one oar, so much he could see. Then he swam with all his might to overtake the boat. He could swim like a fish, but his clothing hampered him and the boat had got a long start. By putting out all his strength and swimming with long, steady strokes, he managed gradually to lessen the distance between him and his cousin, and shouted encouragingly to her. She had given up her efforts at paddling and was sitting quietly in her place in the stern. She certainly was a plucky kid, thought Walter, who was by now filled with remorse at his own foolhardiness.

Redoubling his exertions, he reached the boat and, clambering in, seized the oars, and with the greatest difficulty succeeded in turning the skiff, now so near the weir that the roar of the water filled his ears.

Then began the toilsome and almost impossible task of rowing back upstream. Walter was nearly spent by his great exertions, and the river was rushing ever swifter and swifter along, so that it seemed as if, with all his efforts, he could do no more than just keep the boat's nose upstream.

"What a fool I've been," gasped Walter. "Are we getting on at all, Alison?" The girl shook her head gravely. She was rather white, but otherwise quite composed. Most girls would have screamed long before this, thought Walter. He began to feel desperate. He knew, if he tried to pull towards the bank, the force of the current catching the boat broadside on would upset it; and, good swimmer though he was, he felt very doubtful as to whether he would be able to bring himself and Alison safely to land out of this rushing torrent.

All he could do was to pull doggedly at his oars, and hope most fervently that some one would see their plight and come to their rescue, or that the head keeper, whose warnings he had despised, would get them help. His strength was beginning to fail, the big drops stood on his forehead and his laboured breath came in painful gasps. "Aren't we getting on at all?" he asked again desperately.

"No," said Alison sadly, and added with a little choke, "We're slipping back a little." That was what he had feared, but he clenched his teeth and determined to fight on to the last. This time, anyhow, he would play out the losing game. It was just as he had made this resolve that he heard Alison exclaim, with quite a new note in her voice, "It's coming! it's really coming!"

"What's coming?" gasped Walter.

"Mr. Rockley's motor-boat. Oh! can you hold out? It will be here in a minute or two now."

Yes, he could hold out. The hope of escape from what seemed almost certain death stiffened his tired muscles and lent strength to his strokes; but it seemed a long weary time before his grateful ears caught the sound of the chug, chug of the motor-boat, even above the ominous rushing of the river.

At last he heard a loud shout, "Ship your oars and look out for the rope." Walter obeyed, and as the motor-boat whizzed past he succeeded in clutching the rope that was thrown him, and with trembling fingers made it fast to the ring in the bow.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Then followed some minutes of tense excitement. Could the motor-boat, with the added weight of the skiff behind it, make any headway against the flood, which was gaining in impetus every minute? For some time it seemed as if this was impossible; but by slow degrees the boat began to forge ahead, at first inch by inch, then faster, till presently they were ascending the stream at quite a respectable speed. Relieved of present anxiety, Walter lay down in the bottom of the boat, quite spent by his ordeal.

But he was not left in peace long. Shouts from the motor-boat aroused him, and scrambling up, he saw the three men who manned it pointing to a dark mass that was swiftly descending the river.

"It's a tree," said Alison. "What shall we do?"

The motor-boat was steered to the left of the river, as the tree was keeping to the centre; but this plan, as all soon saw, would not save the skiff from fouling the course of the tree.

"Lie down, Alison," shouted Walter when he had grasped this fact.

The girl obeyed, and he threw himself forward with outstretched arms, so as to protect her as much as possible from the branches. The motor-boat tacked again into the centre, hoping to jerk the skiff out of the way of the oncoming tree. They almost succeeded in their design—almost, but not quite. One long jagged branch raked the surface of the skiff, and Walter felt as if a red-hot iron had seared his left arm from shoulder to elbow, and in another moment blood was pouring freely from an ugly wound. But Alison was untouched, and at once set to work to tie up her cousin's arm with their handkerchiefs.

Then there was renewed shouting from the motor-boat, and looking up, Walter saw that they had now reached a spot where the flood had overpassed the banks and stretched out over a very wide space.

"There are the water meadows," said Alison in great relief. "Now we shall be safe."

She was right, for they could now see men wading in the water up to their middles armed with grapnels. When the motor-boat steered in their direction they caught hold of both it and the skiff, and soon Walter saw with intense thankfulness Alison being borne into safety in the arms of the head keeper.

After that he had but a hazy idea of what happened, for a horrid faintness crept over him, and he knew little more till he found himself in bed at Nelthorpe Grange, with a doctor strapping up his arm.

It was some days before Walter was fit to leave his bed, and in that time he had plenty of leisure to reflect on what might have been the terrible consequences of his headstrong rashness in taking Alison on the river after the keeper's warning.

Gems from the Poets

Dickens in Camp

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with Nell on English meadows,
Wandered, and lost their way;

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire—
And he who wrought that spell!
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine.

BRET HARTE.

Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

By Robert Bird

6. JOHN IS MADE AN APOSTLE

JESUS went up to the brown hills behind Capernaum at night to be alone, telling John to come to Him in the morning. When the red dawn flushed the waves of the lake the disciples went up the road for about six miles, and found Jesus on the hill called the Horns of Hattîn, at a level place carpeted with thyme and short grass.

And that morning in this lonely spot John heard Jesus call twelve of His friends to His side to be His chosen apostles, he himself being among the first named. Peter was the leader, but John became the closest friend. Five were cousins of Jesus, and probably eight were fishermen. None of Jesus' brothers were called. John rejoiced when Jesus called him an apostle—a man to be sent out. He was to be like Jesus—live as He lived, think as He thought, speak as He spoke, do as He did. How well John obeyed his Master, to the end of a long life, we shall see.

A crowd of people from the lakeside had followed the disciples up the hills, in their cloaks of blue and brown, and light shawls of white and yellow bound on their heads, and hanging down, to keep off the sun. When Jesus spoke to the people, they sat in groups on the grass, with their shawls pulled over their faces to shade their eyes. The disciples were by themselves, with their long sticks and sandals, ready to go out as messengers of the kingdom. John watched Jesus as He stood in the sunshine, with His blue cloak open, showing the long white tunic. Now with arm uplifted to the blue sky, now with hands held out before Him, now pointing to His twelve disciples, He looked upon them with dark eyes glowing, and spoke of heavenly things.

Men would say false things about His disciples because of Him. John was to rejoice and let his light shine, so that men would see his good life and praise God. If he taught the truth, he would be called great in heaven ; but if he was no better than a Pharisee, he would never see heaven. Then the dark eyes turned to the people.

The whole teaching of the Bible was summed up in doing to others as you would they should do to you. John was to love his enemies and be a true child of God—merciful, as God is merciful ; perfect, as his Father in heaven is perfect. He was not to seek money, nor be anxious about food and clothing. He was to have no fear. A good disciple would be like his Master. He was not to remember his neighbour's faults and forget his own. The disciples were not to blame one another. John was to beware of false teachers, for not every man that called Him Lord would be a follower of His, but only they who obeyed God.

Amid the silence of the hills John heard for the first time from Jesus' lips the short prayer for daily bread, the Lord's Prayer he was to use, and that has passed round the world.

What was the effect of this address upon those who sat listening in that hollow of the hills ? Never had such a carol of heavenly music rung over men. John heard the people saying, " Surely never man spake as this man." He spoke with authority, and not like their old teachers. And why should not the Son speak His Father's words with authority ?

It was plain to John that the glory of the kingdom of heaven was not to be of this world. He would not gain riches by following Jesus. To be a disciple of Jesus would not bring customers for his father's fish nor honour to himself. He would not even live the easy life of a teacher of religion, but would be in daily danger of punishment from the officials of the synagogue and the magistrates. These things became quite plain to John as he sat listening with bowed head. And when the voice of Jesus ceased one dream had vanished and another had opened.

What effect had these hard facts upon John? They deepened his love and worship for One who he now realized was a being as high above his common life as the blue sky was above the world. John could understand his companions, but Jesus was glorified by the Spirit of God. He moved about among them, the incomprehensible Light of the world and of their lives. If He bade John go, he would go; stay, and he would stay; do this, and he would do it. It was the will of God, and the commands of men had no longer any power over him. The young fisherman of twenty-five was changed into the likeness of his Beloved.

It was with no light heart that John stepped forward in obedience to the call of Jesus, for he knew it meant gibes, jeers, and laughter from many of his companions, and hatred from his old teachers. But the wisdom of this world was outweighed by the love of his heart and the light of his conscience.

And these were the rules of the new kingdom of which he had become a subject :—

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

UNCLE GEORGE took his three young friends to the park to learn something more about trees. It was summer-time now, and the trees were clothed with leaves.

"There are many kinds of trees in the park," said Uncle George. "But to-day we will talk about those three in front of us. It is always best to learn a little at a time, and learn it well. Perhaps Frank can tell us what they are."

"We are too far away from them," said Frank.

"Oh, not a bit," his uncle replied. "We want to learn how to tell trees from a distance and without seeing their leaves. Just tell me what you notice about those three trees."

"They are not like one another in shape," said Frank.

"They are not all of the same shade of green," added Tom.

"Very good," said Uncle George. "I will tell you what they are. Then we will go close up to them.

"The tree on the right is the oak. The one on the left is the ash, and the other—the middle one—is the elm."

"Tell us how you know that, Uncle George," said Tom.

"I will show you," he replied. "But tell me yourself, Frank, all you can about the oak tree. Tom shall then tell us about the ash tree; and Dolly and I the elm."

THE OAK.

"It has a very short, stout trunk or stem. The lower branches all spread straight out from the trunk. The other branches slant upwards. The lower branches are very large. The leaves are in thick masses. They are of a darker green than the leaves of the other two trees."

"All that is quite right, Frank. The lower branches are very large. They grow out almost

level with the ground; but they are not quite straight. Now it is Tom's turn."

"The tree on the left," said Tom, "is taller than the oak. It is not so round in shape. Its branches all grow upwards and outwards. The leaves are much lighter in colour than those of the oak. There are small patches of light green or yellow dotted all over among the leaves."

"I am glad to see that you can use your eyes so well, my boy," said Uncle George. "Now Dolly and I will describe the elm."

"It is not so green as the oak and it is greener than the ash," said Dolly.

"Very good, Dolly. Now it is my turn.

"The trunk of the elm is a little like that of the ash. Its branches grow almost straight up, and then hang down. But we cannot see its branches so well as those of the other two trees. This is because the leaves hide them.

THE ELM.

"Now let us go and look at each tree closely.

"Here is the oak. Notice the thick, sturdy trunk. Its bark is all split into coarse ridges. These ridges run almost straight up and down. The huge boughs, or lower branches, stretch far out overhead. None of the branches are straight. They are twisted into a zigzag shape, and they are all covered with coarse ridged bark."

"I see now," said Frank, "how it is that the leaves are all in masses. They grow very closely together on little green twigs; and there are a great many of these twigs at the point of each branch."

"The trunk of the elm tree is also ridged," said Tom. "But the ridges do not run straight up and down."

"No, the ridges are almost diamond-shaped, Tom. But look at the leaves!"

As he spoke, Uncle George pulled off a green branch. "See how they form a flat spray. Every leafy branch is the same."

"The leaves are oval in shape. They feel very rough to the touch," said Tom.

"Their edges are toothed like a saw," said Tom.

"Well done, Tom!" said Uncle George. "I was afraid you were going to miss that. Now let us look at the ash tree."

"The bark is not so rough as that of the oak or the elm," said Frank. "There are just a few narrow cracks here and there. But look at the leaves. They are not like those of the other trees."

"Yes," said Uncle George, as he pulled two leaves from the tree, "each leaf is made up of several leaflets like the rose leaf. They have long stalks. They do not spread out flat like the leaves of the elm, but hang down from the branch.

ASH LEAF.

"Now count the leaflets, and compare a leaflet with those leaves we have taken from the oak and the elm."

"There are five pairs of leaflets and one at the tip, eleven leaflets in all," said Tom.

"They are shaped something like the elm leaves," said Frank. "But they are smooth, and their edges are not toothed."

"What are those bunches of yellow things hanging among the leaves?" Dolly asked.

"Those are the seeds of the elm. We will come back in autumn and learn something about the seeds of these three trees Let us take home some leaves. We will draw them and write down all we know about the oak, the elm, and the ash," said Uncle George.

The Beggar Maid

HER arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way:
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

TENNYSON.

THE SUNSHINE CHILDREN

CHAPTER VIII

AN UNLUCKY DAY

THE result of the unlucky blackberrying expedition was that Ann had a cold. Not a very bad cold, but quite sufficient to keep her indoors for a day or so. Ann did not make a great fuss. Mother had always taught the children that lesson of courage in disappointment. Noel, Ann, and Con had a great dread of being called cowards, and Mother had so often said it was real cowardly to whine against what could not be helped, or having to do what was for their own good.

It was no one's fault that Ann had to sit alone upstairs over a tiny fire whilst the boys were out and away, scrambling over rocks, or exploring the wide moors. And Ann had her reward in praise from Louisa and Hetty, and a quick recovery.

Not a single grumble! Well done, Ann! For you and I both know what grumbly things colds are when our heads feel top-heavy, our limbs ache, and our poor noses either stream or are just stuffed up. Ann was received back to the snuggery tea with honour, the boys vying with each other in heaping her plate with titbits; but what Ann liked best was a delicious mash of blackberries, heaped with cream and sugar.

"I've been down with Dick most of the last three days," Noel told her. "He's having a bad time. His father is always growling. Dick says he won't put up with it much longer. He and I have been looking for the secret stair, but we can't find it. I wish we could."

Con handed his cup for more tea. "I went to see the sexton yesterday," was *his* bit of news. "He gave me a really good tea. We had squab pie and saffron cake, and mulberry jam with cream. His cat is fine. He sat on my knee. Mr. Rogewell said it was the first time he had ever known Scrabble do such a thing. I sang him the Liberty Song, and he promised if ever he did dig up an old skull in his garden he would give it to me."

"An old *what*?" asked Ann.

"Skull," said Con. "You see, his garden must have been part of an old battlefield, for he often digs up bones, and twice he has picked up skulls. I thought that would be some souvenir for Dandy Dyke when we go back to California."

"I wish we could find a house near here for Father and Mother," said Noel. "It would be fine. Though, of course, for a lot of things I should like to go back to Golden Vale. It's a pity we can't be located in two places at once."

"You've got a treat to-morrow, Ann," grinned Con. "Darling Pam is coming to tea. Some game! What shall we do with her afterwards? She won't care for a real romp."

"Rose has told me lots of games they play in Cornwall," said Ann. "There's 'Three dukes come riding,' 'Malaga, Malaga Raisins,' 'Scat,' and 'Fool, fool, come to school.'"

How the boys laughed.

"Fancy Pamela-Pride playing those village kids' games," mocked Noel. "We might as well play 'Buckey-how' or 'Cutters and Trucklers.' I guess we'd better stick to pop-corns. Rose will make us some syrup, and it won't be too hot to have a fire in our snuggery."

The snuggery was a room which Louisa had given the children to play about in as they liked. Here they had tea, here they brought their collections of souvenirs, and here Cluny was sometimes allowed to come.

The entertaining of Pamela weighed more heavily on the children's minds next day. It was fierce to picture themselves all sitting round in a ring looking at the disdainful little lady of the Court.

But Noel, when he came in at dinner-time, seemed to have forgotten the ordeal for the afternoon. His usually sunny face was downcast, and he dropped down on the hearth in dejected fashion.

"Dick's beat it," he said; "he's run away. There was an awful row, his mother told me, last night. His father had been drinking, and was in one of his rages. He struck Dick, and threatened to thrash him. Dick's no coward, but he was fairly fed up; so he beat it out into the night, and he's not come back. His father won't believe he's gone, and though he says he'll teach him a lesson when he comes, he's getting worried. I guess his mother's right down ill with the trouble. Poor old Dick!"

There did not seem to be anything else to say,

but all three of Dick's sympathizers felt sad to think their friend had failed in the courage he had needed to show for his mother's sake. Say what you may, running away has always been a coward's game.

It was a dull afternoon, apart from Noel's depressing news. They had had to "clean up," as Con called it, though Master Con had succeeded in escaping soap and water for his neck by putting on a white collar in haste.

Pamela looked just as if she had come out of a band-box in her pretty blue costume and blue hat. Any one would have said what a dainty little lady she was; but I fear dainty little ladies did not greatly appeal to our Sunshine children, who would have preferred something jollier and less of the "glass case" order.

Ann did not dare to suggest pop-corns or hide-and-seek, but meekly asked if Pamela would like to come out into the garden. Pamela came, but she was not in an admiring mood at all. When Noel asked if she would like to play bowls she rolled a bowl the length of the lawn once or twice, but declared the grass was too wet.

Con boldly demanded what was wrong with the snuggery and pop-corns!

Of the three young Winshaws Pamela preferred Con. He was so pretty!

"I think it would be nicer indoors," she agreed.

So indoors they went. Ann was about to suggest a game of "Pope Joan," when Con produced the pop-corn shaker from a corner.

"You put the corn in and shake it over the fire till it pops," he said. "When all the corn in the shaker has popped, you put it in the raspberry syrup and eat it. It's fine!"

"But that's only *maize*," objected Pamela, picking up a piece of the corn between her finger and thumb.

Noel nodded. "You wait till it pops," he said. "Have first shake."

Pamela, faintly interested, took the wire handle and shook the corn to and fro. It just slipped about to begin with, but when the first grain exploded she gave an affected little scream and dropped the handle.

The shaker and corn would have got burned if Con had not rescued them. Squatting over the fire he gently shook it to and fro, whilst the corn popped in quite a gay little battery. It was fascinating to see the yellow grains fluff out into big snow-white flakes; and Pamela got over her scare when the shaker was brought to the table and the popped corn tipped on to a plate.

"It looks pretty," she said; but when she tasted it she screwed up her face. "It's like pith," she said. "Horrid!"

And she could not be persuaded, even by Con, that when you get "used" to it, it was really nice.

Tea was a dull meal. Pamela said "No, thank you" to everything, and declared she did not eat much tea. She was not fond of cakes!

After that Con gave her up in despair, feeling that a girl of thirteen who did not like cakes must be a freak!

"Shall we play a round game?" asked Ann, when the table was cleared. "'Pope Joan' is fine."

IT WAS NO USE TO PROMISE HE WOULD NEVER BE NAUGHTY AGAIN.

"I expect I had better be going home," replied Pamela. "I have a cousin, Audrey Wellerton, coming for a fortnight, and I want to be back before she arrives. Good-bye."

She was in just as much haste to go as her hosts were to see her back, but she did not leave without some sort of adventure. For, as they came up the passage to the hall, the sound of indignant voices rose from the kitchen behind them, a door was flung open, and out bounced Cluny with a juicy morsel of steak between his teeth.

The sight of four people blocking the way in front, and the knowledge of pursuing enemies in the rear, greatly agitated Cluny, who made a frantic rush, upset Pamela, knocked Con flat against the wall, whilst he fled onwards, found an open window, and disappeared into the gloaming.

Noel and Ann picked up Pamela, who was not hurt, but looked rather dusty and dishevelled, and was evidently indignant.

"What a *horrid* dog," said Pamela spitefully, as she bit back her tears. "It's—it's a dangerous dog. It ought not to be let loose."

"It's no better than a rascal thief," retorted the indignant tones of Louisa from the kitchen regions. "But it's been too saucy this time! The master will hear of it. *That* dog goes, or *I* leave his service. Weren't his nasty paws all over the washing last week? And now it's the best rump steak! That's enough. If you children don't see to finding him a new home he'll have to be destroyed. That's my saying." And away flounced Louisa to tie her flushed and angry face up in flannel.

Pamela tossed her head. "What a sensible old woman," she applauded. "I *hate* dogs like that. They are much better out of the way."

Noel nearly choked in his wrath. In silence he flung open the door. "*Good-bye*," he said coldly.

Pamela looked round. Three people were evidently anxious to speed the parting guest.

"I suppose you are very glad to be rid of me," she observed, with a titter. "I expect those are American manners!"

Con smiled. "Guess when we find burrs sticking we pull 'em off and toss 'em away," he replied sweetly. "Give my love to George, won't you? I guess I won't be coming to the Court to see him again."

Pamela frowned. "Mother wanted you asked to luncheon next week," she said reluctantly. "Audrey will be staying, and——"

"*No*, thank you," chorused three voices; whilst Noel added, "Guess English manners wouldn't spread that far! It's no use pretending they would. You don't want to be friends with us, say!"

This was awkward. Pamela hesitated. Her father and mother had talked so much of those tiresome children, and Con was so *very* pretty. If he had been polite, too, Pamela would have liked him to come up to the Court to be petted.

But Con was *not* polite. He had a way of saying things!

Noel, however, was waiting for an answer. So were Ann and Con. Pamela looked from one to the other, and felt rather ashamed of herself. But there was no help for it. She had to decide.

"Perhaps—after Audrey has gone," she faltered. "She—she wouldn't understand about your living on a ranch in the wilds. I'd rather wait till—till she's gone before being friends."

Noel laughed. "That's so," he agreed. "And then I guess *we* might want to wait till we'd gone! Good-bye, Pamela. It's *no* use. You see—we've no frills!"

And Pamela went home wondering what frills were, and just half regretting that she had refused friendship with those queer children.

They certainly *were* queer. So Pamela thought.

CHAPTER IX

CLUNY IS IN DISGRACE

WHEN Pamela had gone—and good riddance, too, said the boys—a council had to be held in the snuggery. What about Cluny?

To be honest, Cluny had been quite naughty. And it was no use to promise that he would never be naughty again. Sad to say, Cluny had behaved more like a gentleman when he was lean, starving, and neglected. Being well fed, petted, and sleek had made him bumptious.

"But he's a darling," added Ann.

"And he loves us," said Noel.

"Guess Louisa must get pleased again," added Con.

"It's not Louisa," retorted Noel; "it is Uncle Bob. You see, it is his house."

"And he thinks the world of Louisa," said Ann.

"Louisa's not bad," summed up Con, speaking as if Louisa were an apple or a pear; "but she's getting old and cantankerous. We are quite good friends. She's real nice when you get her to talk of her young man that died. But she doesn't like dogs."

"It's awfully sad," said Ann, making the plunge, "but Cluny will have to go. Nunkie's steak is the last straw. And even Nunkie said he is not the sort of dog to beat. If he didn't run away he would be stubborn."

"There's no help for it," agreed Noel. "But what *I* suggest is that we ask Mr. Trenaint if he will give him a home till we have one ourselves. You see, if Father sells Golden Vale Farm and comes here to live for a time we shall have a house of our own. Father told me he would have to sell the Golden Vale, and he was thinking of going to Canada later to start a dairy farm. But he wanted Mother to have a

year or so in Cornwall first. Then he will see how things pan out. I used to kinder hate the idea of leaving the Golden Vale, but Cornwall's a real nice place, and I hope we do find a house. Then we could have our chum Cluny. But now he's only giving Louisa fits. We'd better try Mr. Trenaint."

"Shall we go now?" asked Ann.

Noel shook his head. "It's too late. I'll go and tell Uncle Bob, and you and Con can tell Louisa. She'll take off her flannel rag when she hears Cluny is going."

But Louisa was not quite in such haste to recover her good temper. She regretted that the little lady from the Court had seen her so vexed. It annoyed her that Pamela had been knocked down. Altogether she was "prickly." It did *not* soothe her to hear Cluny was going. She retorted that she could have told them that herself! She even hinted she would not be sorry if certain other intruders left as well. But an indignant sniff from Rose, and the sight of Ann's tear-filled eyes made the old dame relent.

"Of course children will be children," she concluded, "and it's part of their nature not to take consideration of any one but themselves. It was a great mistake ever robbing poor old Miss Spinton of her guard."

Con and Ann were glad Noel was not present to hear the summing up. *How* angry he would have been.

Ann, for one, realized the truth of that saying, "Silence is golden." "It's not been a bit a nice day, has it, boys?" she said afterwards to her brothers. "First Dick running away, then Pamela, and lastly Cluny. I wonder if Cluny will be ashamed of himself?"

"I'm not sure," said Noel thoughtfully, "but I wouldn't be surprised if Cluny hadn't done rather a 'cute thing for himself. I believe he'll have a better time at Mr. Trenaint's. Anyway, he won't have Louisa."

Noel did *not* like Louisa!

(*To be continued.*)

Motto for June.

Work should be the end and aim of education, for work is the secret of happiness in life.

RUSKIN.

Sent in by VERA BRIDLE,
Gweedore, Sandbanks Road, Parkstone, Dorset,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Childhood of Famous People

2. Sir John Everett Millais

THIS famous painter began steadily from his earliest years to tread the road from which his feet never wandered. The golden thread which ran through all his life he grasped while still but a child, and it led him on without break or tangle to the goal of his ambition.

It was at Southampton that John Millais was born on June 9, 1829, but it was at St. Heliers, in Jersey, that he spent the first happy years of his childhood. His father, John William Millais, was descended from an old Norman family that had lived for generations on the island, and St. Heliers was an ideal home for children. Here John and his elder brother William, and their sister Emily, played amongst the rocks to their hearts' content, catching sand-eels and crabs, poking about in the clear pools, and carrying home all sorts of treasures to fill baths and basins.

John loved fishing off the pier and hunting in the pools, but he loved drawing pictures best of all. With a pencil and some scraps of paper he was perfectly happy, and he was never tired of drawing birds and butterflies, and anything else that caught his fancy. Lying flat on the ground, he covered his paper with all sorts of figures and animals, and very soon other people besides his mother began to notice his drawings and to think them extremely clever.

"Mark my words, that boy will be a very great man some day, if he lives," said one of his uncles after looking at his nephew's work.

When John was about six years old there came a delightful and interesting change in his life, for the family went to live at Dinan, in Brittany, and the children were charmed with all the new sights and sounds. There were many kinds of new things for John to draw, and greatest of all delights was the sight of the regiments of French soldiers as they marched through the town on their way to or from Brest. John loved the grand buildings and all the beautiful things his mother pointed out to him, but he was fascinated by those gorgeous French uniforms.

In the Place du Gruxlin there was a bench from which the two boys could watch the roll-call and see the soldiers above the heads of the crowd, and they never failed to be there when they heard the drums beating and the sound of marching feet. John, of course, always had his sketch-books with him, ready to draw all he could see.

THE FLOOD.

(From the painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

He was working away one day, anxious to finish the portrait of a very smart drum-major in all the glory of his gold trappings, bearskin, and gold-headed cane, when two of the officers crept up silently behind the bench and stood watching what he was doing. They said nothing until the portrait was finished, and then suddenly clapped him on the back and cried "Bravo!" They were so much astonished at the child's clever drawing that they insisted on tipping him, and then returned with the boy to his home, as they wished to be introduced to his father and mother.

"The child should be sent at once to study in Paris," they declared, feeling sure they had discovered a genius.

The sketch of the drum-major was carried off by them to the barracks, and there shown with great pride to the other officers. No one, however, would believe that it could be the work of a child of six, and one of the two officers started off post-haste to fetch little John to prove their words.

It was very frightening to be carried off by the strange soldier-man and taken to the barracks all alone, and John went in fear and trembling; but as soon as he got there and was given a pencil and a sheet of paper he forgot to be afraid or shy, and began at once to draw a portrait of the colonel smoking a big cigar. It turned out to be a most excellent likeness, and the other officers were delighted as well as astonished at the boy's skill.

After two years at Dinan the family returned once more to St. Heliers, and there John began his first lessons in drawing; but his master, Mr. Bessel, soon told the boy's parents that there was nothing more he could teach John, and he advised them to take their little son up to London. It would be wiser to go at once to the President of the Royal Academy, and ask his advice as to what should be done with the young genius.

Now the President of the Royal Academy had often been asked to look at the drawings of promising children, and he was not at all encouraging when John and his parents were shown in and he heard what they had to say.

"Better make him a chimney-sweep than an artist," he said. He had seen so many young men try to paint pictures who would have been much better employed sweeping chimneys.

However, the great man said he would look at the child's sketches, and he evidently expected to see the

usual kind of work, which so often only seems wonderful in the parents' eyes.

But when the sketches were produced and laid before him, he suddenly sat straight up and his eyes grew quite round with astonishment. He looked from the sketches to the little fellow standing there, and seemed to find it impossible to believe that such small childish hands could have produced such masterly work. Would John draw something here and now, he asked, that he might look on and judge?

There was no difficulty about that. John set himself promptly to work, and began a drawing of the fight between Hector and Achilles. The president could scarcely believe his own eyes. He was sorry he had talked about chimney-sweeping, and he handsomely apologized. Here was one of the few exceptions to his rule, and he strongly advised the boy's parents to have him trained to be an artist.

So it was settled that John should begin to work at once to draw from the cast in the British Museum, and after a short time, when he was nine years old, a place was found for him in the Academy of Art, the best school known at that time, kept by Henry Sars, a portrait painter.

The small boy with his delicate face, long fair curling hair, holland blouse and turned-down frilled collar, was rather unlike the rest of the art students, and he was an easy victim for the bullying of the bigger boys. His fondness for work, his extreme diligence, and his wonderful talent were added aggravations to the other pupils, and one big hulking lazy fellow took a special delight in torturing the child.

Little Millais' life was made a burden to him by this big bully, and it only grew worse and worse as time went on. They both had entered the competition for the silver medal of the Society of Arts, and when it was known that John had carried off the prize, although he was only nine years old, his big rival was furious.

The very next day the bully sat in the studio watching like a great spider in a web for the arrival of the small boy, and biding his time until all the other pupils were gone, he seized on the defenceless little boy and began to take his cruel revenge.

In spite of his struggles, Millais was hung head downwards out of the window, and his legs were fastened securely with scarves and pieces of string to the iron bar of the window-guard. The child very soon became unconscious, and would most likely have died had not some passers-by in the street below noticed the hanging figure, and given the alarm by ringing the street door bell.

After that the bully was seen no more at the Academy, and Millais was left in peace.

The prize day at the Society of Arts was a red-letter day in the life of John Millais, for he was to receive his silver medal from the hands of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Dressed in a "white plaid tunic, with black belt and buckle; short white frilled trousers showing bare legs, with white socks and patent-leather shoes; a large white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair in golden curls," he walked up when the secretary called out his name, "Mr. John Everett Millais."

There was a pause. The Duke, who stood behind a high raised desk, saw no one to whom he was to hand the medal, and waited for the prize-winner to appear.

"The gentleman is a long time coming up," he said at last to the secretary.

"He is here, your Royal Highness," replied the secretary, and looking down over the desk, sure enough the Duke saw that the gentleman was standing there; but such a very little gentleman he was that his golden head did not reach to the level of the top of the desk.

A stool was then brought, and standing upon it the winner of the silver medal could be seen more clearly, and the Duke patted his head and wished him every success.

"Remember, if at any time I can be of service to you, you must not hesitate to write and say so," he added kindly.

That was a lucky promise for John, and it was not very long before he claimed the promised favour. Both he and William were very keen on fishing, and they had fished every year together in the Serpentine and Round Pond, until permission was withdrawn. Then John remembered the Duke's promise, and wrote to ask if they might not be allowed to fish there as usual, and the request was granted at once. After that the pleasure was all the greater, for they were the envy of all the other little boys, who were only allowed to look on.

William was only two years older than John, and they always were together as much as possible, although William went to school and John still did his lessons with his mother. Both boys were "mad about art," and "knew every picture in the National Gallery by heart." One of their plays was to make a National Gallery of their own, out of a large deal box, the pictures hung therein being about the size of a visiting-card or a good-sized envelope.

All the old masters were hung there. There were Rembrandts, Titians, Rubens, Turners, etc., all with most gorgeous frames made out of the shining paper of crackers, and all carefully varnished to look like oil paintings.

It was a good thing that little Millais was child enough to play at such games, for in other ways he was so much older than his years, and he was getting on so quickly with his work, that it seemed as if he had already left his childhood behind him. He was only ten when he was admitted to be a student of the Royal Academy, "the youngest student who ever found entrance within its walls, and during his six years there he carried off in turn every honour the Academy had to bestow."

So the golden thread led onwards, and the boy never loosed his hold upon it nor strayed into other paths. Little John Millais, "the child" of the Royal Academy, went steadily forward until he became Sir John Millais, its famous president.

We give on page 91 a reproduction of one of Millais' pictures, and are sorry we cannot show it in its original colours. The story of the picture is as follows :—

At one time the wall round a great reservoir among the hills near Sheffield gave way. The water rushed down the valley and swept all before it.

It tore up great trees by the roots. It swept huge rocks away and drove them before it like corks. It threw down a wooden mill. It filled the houses in the valley full of water, and swept things out of the rooms.

Many people were drowned in a very short time. Others were able to swim, and got upon the roofs of those houses which were still standing. Boats were got out, and men went about trying to save people. The water, of course, lay level in the valley when the great reservoir up the hill was empty.

In one room a little boy and a girl were found fast asleep on the top shelf of a cupboard. The boy said that the water had come into the room and lifted their bed right up from the floor.

So he took his little sister out of bed and laid her on the shelf. Then he lay down beside her, and they both fell fast asleep. When they were found, they laughed and kissed the man who found them.

Some men in a boat found the cradle you can see in our picture. The baby was very happy, and held up its little hands to the birds in the tree. But pussy was not so happy, as you can see very well. She did not like so much water.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month. For latest date see page 95.

SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old"

A MEDICAL student under examination, being asked the different effects of heat and cold, replied: "Heat expands and cold contracts." "Quite right; can you give me an example?" "Yes, sir. In summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter, which is *cold*, the days are *shorter*."

✢ ✢ ✢

SOME one was praising our public schools to Charles Lamb, and said: "All our best men were public school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron, he was a Harrow boy—" "Yes," interrupted Charles, "and there's Burns—he was a *ploughboy*."

✢ ✢ ✢

"THAT's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "and *he* never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

✢ ✢ ✢

"THE sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the day-time, when we have *no occasion for it*."

✢ ✢ ✢

A WORTHY alderman, captain of a volunteer corps, was ordering his company to fall back, in order to dress with the line, and gave the word—"*Advance* three paces *backwards*! March!"

✢ ✢ ✢

AN Irishman being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, "I am eldest," said he, "but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be *both* of an age."

✢ ✢ ✢

IN the parlour of a public-house in Fleet Street there used to be written over the chimney-piece the following notice: "Gentlemen learning to *spell* are requested to use *yesterday's paper*."

✢ ✢ ✢

A GENTLEMAN, talking with his gardener, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees. "Why, yes, sir," says the man; "please to consider that they have *nothing* else to do."

✢ ✢ ✢

"MOTHER, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been *crossed* so often, my son."

✢ ✢ ✢

A BAKER has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a *pound* of it weighs only *twelve* ounces.

Things to Do

Boating "Don'ts"

HOW many boating accidents come about just because people will do foolish stunts when they are on the water! Here are a few boating "don'ts" which it always pays to bear in mind.

Don't forget that, whether sailing or rowing, it is always safer to sit down in a boat than to stand up.

Don't forget that many accidents occur through people changing places in a boat. If possible, it is a good plan to do this when the boat is in shallow water near the shore. If it is necessary to move, crawl from one place to another rather than stand.

Don't put your foot on the edge of the gunwale of a boat when getting into it. Take care to step lightly and avoid sudden jumps.

Don't lean right over the side of a boat unless there is something on the other side to counterbalance your weight and so keep the boat trimmed.

Don't, in a sailing boat, tie the rope by which the mainsail is pulled in, or let out, fast to anything. Never twist the rope round your leg; remember that you should be in a position to let it go at a moment's notice.

Don't forget that if upset, the best plan is to make for the stern of the boat. Here you will get the best support.

A Wild-flower Table

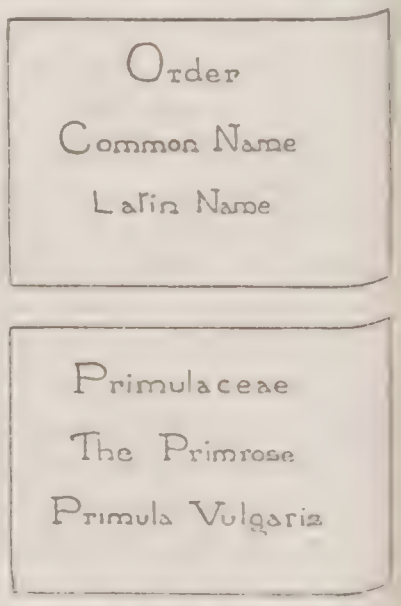
COUNTRY children who are on the look-out for some new hobby which costs nothing to keep up, and which will give endless interest to their walks and rambles, cannot do better than start a wild-flower table, which makes a delightful addition for the schoolroom, and which is arranged as follows:—

Get two dozen small bottles or jars to hold the specimens—any small vessel which will hold water will do, but the nicest kind are rather wide-mouthed glass bottles measuring about three and a half inches high, which will hold a good deal of water and will not easily overturn. Arrange them in a double or treble row on a small table covered with a strip of green art serge or American cloth, to make a nice background for the flowers, where they can remain undisturbed, or place them upon a shelf or window sill. It is a good plan to provide jars or vases of two sizes, the tall ones to stand at the back of the table, the smaller ones in front. Provide a box of small slips of cardboard the size of a lady's visiting-card and a sharp pencil, and place your wild-flower reference book—which should, if possible, have coloured plates—near at hand, and then on the first day of the month you must sally forth to see how many varieties of wild flowers you can find to fill your vases.

When you come in, sort your treasures, cut a little bit off each stalk, and arrange them in the jars, which must be filled with water, which should be changed each day. Provide a separate jar for each variety of flower, even though it may be represented by a single daisy.

If you start your wild-flower table on New Year's Day, you will be surprised to find how many sturdy little blossoms brave the wintry weather. A primrose or two, perhaps a violet, most likely a strawberry flower, and surely a pink-edged daisy will reward research in sunny spots and sheltered nooks and corners.

As the month goes on, other unexpected treasures will most probably be almost daily found to add to the collection, while soon the whole family will take to bringing back contributions for the wild-flower table after their daily outings.



LABEL FOR THE WILD-FLOWER TABLE.

A separate card must be written out for each specimen and placed up against the jar, giving the common name, the Latin name, and the order to which it belongs if you can find them, besides the date on which it was picked, and perhaps the exact spot in which it was found, and the name of the finder.

These particulars should be noted down each evening in a Wild-flower Journal, kept by the owner of the flower table, or the cards may be collected at the end of each month, placed in a labelled envelope, and put aside for future reference.

By April, if you are lucky enough to live where wild flowers are plentiful, your wild-flower table will be filled to overflowing, and more specimen jars will probably be needed in which to place fresh treasures before the month is out. After April the problem will be to make a selection among the many wild-flowers to be found in our fields and hedgerows.

Riddle

Q. How can you double your capital?

A. By making one pound two every day.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than June 15 will be considered.

[*We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.*]

Competitions for June

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write the story of an adventure which you have had. If you have never had an adventure, imagine one.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

Farmer Tompkins had five trusses of hay, which he told his man Hodge to weigh before delivering them to a customer. The stupid fellow weighed them two at a time in all possible ways, and informed his master that the weights in pounds were 110, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 120, and 121. Now, how was Farmer Tompkins to find out from these figures how much each of the five trusses weighed singly? You may at first think that you ought to be told "which pair is which," or something of that sort, but it is quite unnecessary. Can you give the five correct weights?

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Tell in your own words the story of Ruth and Naomi.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of the leaves of six common trees, and colour them with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

VERSE COMPETITION

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

"How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes."

Write a parody on the above eight lines of verse. As an example of what is required, I will give you the parody written by Lewis Carroll in his well-known book, *Alice in Wonderland* :—

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

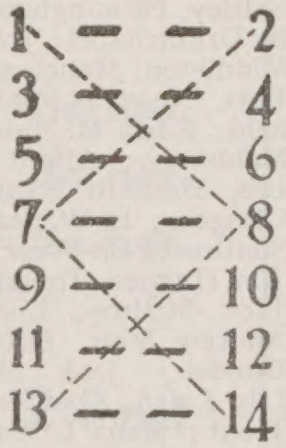
"How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!"

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a bottle of lemonade, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

ZIGZAG PUZZLE

The figure represents thirteen words. When seven of the words have been correctly guessed and placed one below the other, the figure can be read as follows: 1, 2, a plant; 3, 4, an implement; 5, 6, a conflagration; 7, 8, spoil; 9, 10, a guide; 11, 12, united; 13, 14, an ancient country of Palestine; 1, 8, a place of defence; 8, 13, melody; 1, 8, 13, great wealth; 14, 7, a term in notation; 7, 2, a wild animal; 14, 7, 2, a great number.



For Children under Ten only

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a pillar-box, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her about a picnic.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for April

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—John Alexander Ure, 85 Stewarton Drive, Cambuslang. Walter Bond, Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W. 18. Jack Douthwaite, Worsthorne Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—May E. Millican, Aghadowey; C. Martindale, Carlisle; Ida Fairclough, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Edith Heal and Nora Heron, Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W. 18; Margaret Booth, Manchester.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

The only way in which the barrels could be equally divided among the three brothers, so that each receives his $3\frac{1}{2}$ barrels of honey and his 7 barrels, is as follows:—

	Full.	Half-full.	Empty.
A	3	1	3
B	2	3	2
C	2	3	2

There is one other way in which the division could be made, were it not for the objection that all the brothers made to taking more than four barrels of the same description. Except for this difficulty, they might have given B his quantity in exactly the same way as A

above, and then have left C one full barrel, five half-full barrels, and one empty barrel.

So many competitors sent in the correct solution that it is impossible to print all their names, but those given below have been selected because of their correctness and neatness.

Prize-Winners.—Geoffrey Mercer, 150 Coronation Buildings, Lambeth Road, Vauxhall, London, S.W. 8. Alison Leadbetter, 14*a* Bruntsfield Avenue, Edinburgh. Grace Hodgson, Merchant Taylors' Girls' School, Great Crosby. Alice Ball, c/o Richard Ball Farmer, Boundary Lane, Hesketh Bank, near Preston.

Honourable Mention.—Arnold P. Austin, Grange-over-Sands; Annie Webb, Portadown; Annie Williams, Saltley, Birmingham; Irma M. A. Thomson, Westerton, by Drumchapel; John F. Duff, Glasgow; Beatrice Jones, Middleton, Manchester; William Craig, Govan; Mary Bott, Newport, Salop; Graham Pearce, Sutton Coldfield; Edith M. Mann, Dovercourt; Arthur R. Knappett, Maidstone; Alfred Philbin, Goodmayes; Archibald F. Lee, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Agnes Falconer, Glasgow; L. W. Seal, Bedminster, Bristol; Nora Smith, Southwick-on-Wear; Margaret Pringle, Musselburgh; Jim Hughes, Tobermore; Ernest M'Connell, Ahoghill; Jack M'Ilroy, Lurgan; Kathleen Young, Comber; Andrew Moir, Edinburgh; Ellen Callaghan, Lochee, Dundee; Jack M'Bride, Waterside, Londonderry; Lily Laird, Aberdeen; Emily Louisa Cooke, Stoke-on-Trent; Mona I. Warhurst, Sheffield; Morwena Palmer, Southfield School, S.W. 18; William Pursell, Portobello; Joan Lewis, Merthyr Tydfil; Neil Miller, Glasgow; Barbara Fletcher, Gloucester; Stanley Bleackley, Heywood; Willie M'Kelvey, Newtownards; Frank Beale, Swansea; Iaian L. Campbell, Hill of Fearn.

Scripture Knowledge Competition (A)

Prize-Winners.—Alice Stewart, 45 Little May Street, Belfast. Jeanie E. M'Keenan, Agivey, Aghadowey, Co. Derry. Ida Longworth, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Ruby Wilson, Bishopbriggs; Robert Maxwell, Glasgow; S. Styth, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (A)

Prize-Winners.—Barbara M. Smith, "Wyndholm," Houghton Road, Dunstable, Beds. Gertie Hammond, Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W. 18. Tom Williams, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—Harold Ellis, Southfield School.

Composition Competition

Prize-Winners.—Olive Clark, South Street Junior School, Bristol. James Wheeler, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle. Annie Wilson, 306 Abercromby Street, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Gladys Blaxland, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne, near Burnley; Annie Lemon, Saintfield; Cissie Muirhead, Edinburgh; Connie Buckley, Mount School, Kersal; Winnie Hughes, Gillingham; Gladys Freedman, Union Street Council School, Maidstone.

Zoological Competition

[The names of the animals were: *Dromedary; Gopher; Elephant; Musk Rat; Walrus; Peccary; Ferret; Badger; Weasel; Giraffe; Squirrel; Armadillo; Gorilla; Leopard; Rabbit; Raccoon; Antelope; Wombat; Beaver; Cheetah.*

It is impossible to print the names of all those who sent in correct answers; but the competitors mentioned below are selected not only for having found out the names of the animals and written them out neatly, but also for having spelt the names correctly—which a great number failed to do.]

Prize-Winners.—John Withers, Whiteabbey House, Whiteabbey, Co. Antrim. Gladys Chandler, 35 Meadow Road, Shortlands, Kent. Annie Williams, 310 Aston Church Road, Saltley, Birmingham. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent. Joan Lewis, "Sherwood," Pentwyn Villas, Merthyr Tydfil.

Honourable Mention.—J. W. Sharpe, Norwich; Nora Ball, Liverpool; Cathie P. Gellatly, Stirling; Marjorie B. Galton, Christchurch; Ethel Marna George, Belfield, Cornwall; Maisie M'Coll, Edinburgh; William Ashford, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Rosalie Grenville, London; Thelma Montgomerie, Liverpool; George W. Kirkland, Edinburgh; Peggy Westwood, Goodmoyes; Iris Martin, Putney; Dorothy Hanna, Rathfulens; Ellen Callaghan, Dundee; Marion Seager, Gillingham; Graham Pearce, Sutton Coldfield; Edward Sinclair, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle; Alexander J. M. Watt, Huntly; K. Crawford, Dunscar, Bolton; Betty Newby, Milton, Portsmouth; R. O. M. Pebber, Putney; F. M. Keeble, Hunstanton, Norfolk; John F. Duff, Glasgow; Matthew Stevenson, Chapelhall; Betty Blake, Milton, Portsmouth.

Scripture Knowledge Competition (B)

Prize-Winners.—John Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow. Jean Taylor, 7 Queen Street, Inverurie. Lavinia Vernon, Lynmouth, London Road, Reigate, Surrey.

Honourable Mention.—Annie Lemon, Saintfield; Nora Ingleton, Canterbury; Eliza Valentine, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Mary B. Davies, Gnosall; Evelyn Garrood, Milton, Portsmouth.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (B)

Prize-Winners.—Sydney Webb, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle. Antoinette Picard, 26 Quai Claude de Lorrain, Nancy, France. Richard Vose, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington.

Honourable Mention.—Ronald Greenwood and Hubert Whittaker, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Henry V. Leslie, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle.

Letter Competition

Prize-Winners.—Irene Bishop, 22 Harold Avenue, Gillingham, Kent. Olga Singleton, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. George Young, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle. Arthur Braithwaite, Southfield School, Southfield, London, S.W. 18. Peggy Wilson, 36 Bonchurch Road, Milton, Portsmouth.

Honourable Mention.—Richard Ball, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Robert Thomlinson, Carlisle; Stella Wood and Margaret E. Sams, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Enid Hurst, Westhoughs; Herbert Mullineaux, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Florence J. Clark, Liverpool; Bertram Jones, Kidderminster; Cecily Cook, Cleethorpes; Isobell W. Cooper, Portballintrae; Sheila Warburton, Mount School, Kersal; Albert Smith, Milton, Portsmouth.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (C)

Prize-Winners.—Hilda White Jeffrey, "Strathmore," 50 Belgrave Road, Corstorphine. Ethel Macpherson, 9 Windsor Road, Walton Vale, Liverpool. Rosemary Easton, Hopeleigh, Pendleton, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Emma Harkin, Aghadowey; Percy Brown, Halstead; Irene Dix, South Street School, Bedminster; John Bridge, Worsthorne Council School

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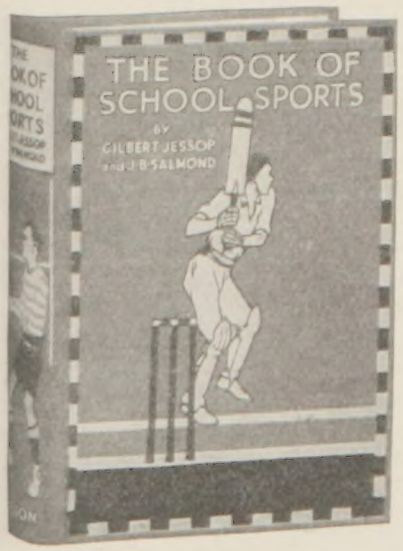

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